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" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

WILD ROBIN; OR THE PENITENT.

It was about two o'clock when Col. Fairfax in company with Dr. Harvey, his preceptor and friend, returned to their inn, and the doctor having a desire to visit a Franciscan friar, with whom he had contracted a degree of intimacy, on finding him a man of the most liberal education and profound understanding, he told his friend, that if he would give himself the trouble of bespeaking something for their dinner, he would in the mean time, step to the monastery of —, and be back in less than an hour. Colonel Fairfax readily acquiesced, and knowing the good Doctor, not from being an epicure, but from weakness of appetite, was rather peculiar in the choice of his dishes, resolved to inspect the larder, in order to fix on such as he thought would be most acceptable; he therefore pulled the bell, and our host, who happened to be his countryman, exhibited a prominence of belly, which would have put Boniface himself out of countenance, made his appearance with a " What does your honour please to want?" " A good dinner," replied the Colonel, " and a bottle of your best Burgundy " " Say you so, your honor, then I defy France to furnish you with a better of each sort. Behold this, your honor," stroking his huge paunch with both hands, " when a landlord lives well himself, it is a certain sign his guests are in no danger of starving " " Since you are so well provided, I must beg leave to inspect your larder, and will there choose for myself." " As your honour pleases: I should be proud to have the Grand Monarch inspect my provisions: he would not meet with better in all his dominions. This way, your honour," showing him into a little dark hole, which he called his kitchen; " this way leads to my grand repository—for venison, wild fowl, poultry, game of all kinds, and fish of all sorts, I challenge France, England, and Germany."

Colonel Fairfax followed, laughing heartily at the pompous description of his facetious landlord; but, to his great surprise, he found he had been no vain boaster. He chose, from a multiplicity of good things, a neck of venison, a pair of soles, and a soup, the latter of which his host assured him should be gratis, if he did not acknowledge it the most excellent he had ever tasted.

On his return from the kitchen, his sight was struck with an object perfectly uncommon. He had never beheld any thing like it; on a low stool, by a smoky fireside, sat the skeleton of a man; one hand rested on his breast, the other dangled useless by his side; a ragged blanket covered his bony carcass, through which the skin appeared in various places. His beard and nails bore the strongest testimony of neglect. Famine glared in his eyes, and despair stamped a ferocity on every feature. Colonel Fairfax started as if he had seen an apparition. He recoiled back several paces, and exclaimed, with vehemence, " Great God! is it possible a creature whom thou hast created in thine own likeness, can be reduced to this!"

On hearing these words pronounced, the poor wretch hid his face in the tatters of his blanket, whilst the landlord, holding his sides, laughing in so immoderate a degree, that it was a considerable time before he could attempt to remove the surprise of his guest, which he thought, he could not fail of doing by the following address: " I beg your honour's pardon a thousand times, but for my soul I could not help it. Jesu Maria! who would suppose your honor could have been so frightened? My youngest child plays with him as she would do with a kitten. No, no, your honor, he will do you no harm. If he was not quite simple and harmless, he should never have taken his post under my roof."

What the landlord said, together with the miserable creature endeavoring to hide his face in the shattered covering, increased our colonel's feelings of humanity, and awakened a painful curiosity, which would not let him rest without a full gratification; and for this purpose he retired to his room, desiring his host, if possible, he would get Wild Robin, the name this wild phantom went by through the family, to follow him thither: he also ordered him to send in a bottle of wine, and some bread.

Various were the emotions of his heart whilst waiting the execution of his commission. He walked to and fro in eager expectation, listening every now and then, that his ear might catch the first approaches of the person by whom his whole thoughts were occupied. At length the door opened; a servant entered with the things he had ordered, followed by this spectre of human nature, who, with his eyes fixed on the ground, observed a profound and sullen silence.

Colonel Fairfax waited no longer than till the servant had left the room, before he accor-

ted him in these terms ; but with such gentleness in his voice, such manly sensibility in his countenance, as no words can possibly express: "I cannot behold with indifference the sufferings of a fellow creature, and sure, to judge from appearances, yours must have been of a most malignant nature: I wish to make you acquainted with content." He shook his head. "Is it impossible then, to afford you comfort?" "Impossible!" and again he was silent.

"I am not a rich man, but you are destitute of necessities, without which life must be a burden. Those I can and will procure for you. Are you a native of France?" "No." "Of what country?" "A citizen of the world."—"You are determined not to enlarge on your situation? I am convinced you was not born in misery. You have seen better days." "I have," and he turned away, to hide the tears that rolled down his face. "Pardon me for adding to your distress. I could wish to have known more: yet I know enough to entitle you to what little service is in my power." He drew out his purse, and desired his acceptance of the contents.

He looked at the Colonel with an air of surprise; but instantly returning the purse,— "Keep this," said he, "for some less wretched object, who feels only his poverty, him thy gold will relieve. My miseries are derived from other sources. I feel no want but of internal peace. Restore me that, or all worldly comforts will be but an aggravation of my sorrow." "Would to heaven I could. Your situation pierces my soul. Horrible must have been those incidents, the remembrance of which are so insupportable! Yet without arraigning the justice of your heavenly judge." "Speak not of justice," interrupted he, "it is his justice by which I am condemned." "Then let me say his mercy, without disbelieving his most sacred promises, dare you entertain a doubt of pardon? I am a young man, and, by my own imperfections, the less capable of giving salutary advice. In me it is presumption; however, instead of a desponding criminal, for, in my opinion, this despondency is criminal; I hope to be the means of seeing you the joyful serene Christian. I have a friend; but hold, are you a Protestant?" "Surely I am conversing with an angel; your voice has conveyed to my soul the sounds of comfort. I am, I am a Protestant, blessed be the Almighty; then falling suddenly on his knees, his poor withered hands extended to heaven, "My God! My God!" cried he out, "now I know thou wilt pardon me: thou hast sent me consolation in the day of my affliction. Never, never will I again doubt thy mercies, O righteous Judge of the world! My tears of penitence thou hast numbered, and my groans have ascended to thy throne! Let my horrid crimes dwell in the depth of my memory; but let them be done away from thy sight for ever."

The Colonel, who was inexpressibly affect-

ed by the scene, went and filled a glass of wine which he offered to the poor penitent, as soon as he arose from his humble and devout posture. He refused it in these words. "From the expressions you have heard me utter, most humane and generous stranger, you may guess my crimes are not of a common nature; and though my heart has through your means admitted a ray of divine hope, sixteen years a stranger to that dark abode, yet never, never will my conscience rest secure, my hope may increase, my penitence never shall diminish. Pardon me then, dear sir, if I refuse your well meant request, already have I felt too horribly the effects of that pernicious poison—that, that was my first step towards destruction—this wretched emaciated carcass, such as you now behold it, has been supported sixteen years by bread and water; and unless the effects of one crime, terrible to nature, could be recalled, will never know other sustenance; here will I wait with lowly penitence till my merciful God recalls me from this vale of misery."

Colonel Fairfax was quite unmanned: a tear of pity started from his eyes, he took the poor wretch's hand, and was going to speak of Dr. Harvey, to assure him what benefit he would receive under his direction, when at that moment the Doctor made his appearance. This worthy man betrayed even stronger marks of astonishment than the Colonel had done before him, his eyes were fixed with the most lively expression of horror, of compassion, of amazement, on the pale effigy of famine, who had thrown himself on the ground, and seemed relapsing into his former, gloomy silence.

The Colonel, who thought it best to inform his friend alone of what had happened in his absence, desired he would go with him into the next room, and requested the stranger to wait their return where he was. He bowed his head in token of obedience, and the gentlemen withdrew together.

As soon as they were closeted, Colonel Fairfax gave so picturesque a description of the manner in which he discovered this object of misery, and of the conversation which had passed between them, that the bare recital caused strong emotions in the breast of his hearer, he threw himself into a chair, and pointing to a glass of water which stood on the table, the Colonel gave it to him, and he drank it off, then bursting into tears, "I thank God," said he for this relief—sixteen years—just sixteen years—merciful Providence." "Whatever are the crimes of this young man," replied the Colonel, "so long, so severe a penitence must have erased them from the eternal book of records."

"No doubt, no doubt, my dear excellent child, but we must know what these crimes were. I am more concerned for this unfortunate victim than you can possibly imagine; I have suspicions which want confirmation before they can be divulged. Alas! my child, it

was not the wretchedness of his appearance, but his features by which I was agitated; and something in them which told me he and I were not unacquainted. If my suspicions are confirmed, of which at present I have only a faint hope, for time and misfortune has left such few traces of what he was,—I say, if it should happen, that I know this poor object of guilt, and repentance, he may still be happy. But let us go to him, and, whoever he is, endeavor to console and support him; only do not, I entreat of you, call me by my name in his presence.’

They found him walking about the room with an air of discomposure, and as soon as he saw them enter, he desired Colonel Fairfax that he might be dismissed. ‘I must comply with your request,’ said he in a soothing voice, ‘if you will not voluntarily favor us with your company. Already I feel myself interested in your happiness: can you then afford me no return to the friendship I sincerely offer you?’ He said nothing; he looked irresolute, and seemed to avoid the Doctor’s scrutinizing eye, which followed him in all his motions. ‘My son,’ said he, advancing towards him, ‘repose some confidence in two people who are disposed to serve you. This gentleman you are not quite a stranger to. You have already witnessed the benevolent humanity of his sentiments. He generously offers you his friendship. I am an old man, and may communicate to you consolation from the Holy Function with which I am honored. Yours, as I am informed by this young gentleman, being a distress of conscience.’

In speaking thus, the Doctor had so totally altered the natural tone of his voice that it was impossible to have discovered it. The self-tormented wretch became more composed.—He lifted up his eyes, they were overflowing with gratitude. He said he could refuse them nothing—promised to gratify their curiosity, but begged they would not insist on his revealing two circumstances, which he was determined to conceal. They readily promised him this favor, and waited for the recital particularly Dr. Harvey, with agitation not to be expressed. They prevailed on him to take a chair, and seating themselves opposite, from which they might observe every turn in his countenance, he began:

‘The two circumstances which alone I wish to conceal, and which no earthly power shall ever make me discover, is the name of my family, whose worth would be blasted by its connexion with such a monster as myself, and the name of a country which had the misfortune to give birth to a ———.’ He stopped—the passage of his words was choked—it was not a minute before he recovered his voice. ‘Horrid appellation!’ continued he, ‘to deserve it, drives me to madness! I cannot, cannot repeat the shocking title which my actions have merited. Gentlemen, I am well descended, my

father—my father!’—he started with an air of frenzy—how dare I pronounce the awful name of father! dear, venerable shade, if thou art permitted to witness the horrors of my polluted soul, forgive, forgive thy son! My crimes are terrible, but my repentance fervent. O that the blood of this foul body could wash away my stains! Pardon, bear with me: these expressions rise involuntarily, I must give them passage, for my heart will not contain them.’

Both his auditors were nearly as much affected as the distressed penitent himself; the Doctor indeed partly concealed his emotions, for at that moment, when the young man began to address his supplication to his father’s spirit, he had covered his face with a handkerchief.

‘Wicked as I have been,’ continued he.—‘surely I do not deserve that good men, like you, should weep for and sympathise with me; yet let me humbly receive these testimonies of generous humanity as a heavenly cordial sent by God himself, after sixteen years experience of his divine and just vengeance, all which time I have been a wretched wanderer on the face of the earth, an alien to my country, without friend, without money, without peace. I was once innocent and happy, but leaving the bosom of a tender parent—O gentlemen, such a parent as mine; ah, would that you had known him! you would then have seen the full extent of my guilt; without knowing which you know but half my misery. I left him to finish an education which his paternal care had hitherto directed, I soon forgot his heaven-inspired precepts, his more heavenly example, and made long strides towards the attainment of every criminal desire.’ He paused, then resumed the conversation, which had from the beginning been held in the French language.

‘Wine destroyed my reason—women inflamed my passions—these vices could not be indulged without expense; I continually drew for more money than my unhappy father, unhappy in such a son, could prudently advance.—Alas! had he possessed the mines of Peru, even they would have been insufficient for my detestable purposes—raging with vice, and determined not to relinquish my pleasures, my first resort was to the gaming table, want of success made me desperate—I purchased pistols, and’—

Here large drops of sweat stood on his forehead, nothing but the whites of his eyes were visible, every feature was distorted, his whole frame trembled with convulsive terror. Col. Fairfax, the tears streaming down his face, caught hold of his hand and begged him to drop the conclusion of his story—the good Doctor could not speak, but his sobs were audible. ‘No, sir,’ cried the wretched narrator, after wiping the sweat from his face, ‘this is one part of my penance, without this my punishment would not be complete—suffer me to proceed—let me act over the horrid deed again

in imagination, that my soul may be released by the strength of her own feelings. O Omnipotent ! if thou seest fit, let this poor shattered body longer support its conflicts. I said I bought pistols, you guess for what use they were intended—hold, hold my brain’—(he put his hand to his forehead)—‘it will do,’ cried he ; ‘on my first accursed expedition, I rode up to a chaise, and without looking at the person in it, clapt a pistol through the glass, demanding money, at the same instant a crape which I wore on my face dropped off, stopping to take it from the door of the carriage, my eyes met those of my father, who in all my vile courses I had never ceased to reverence ; his well-known voice entered into my very soul. ‘My son, my son,’ was all I heard—guilt and horror shook my whole frame, the pistol discharged itself, and bursting only took away my murderous hand, whilst my father, my dear father!’—

At this period he was interrupted by a loud groan ; and looking round him with terror in his countenance, saw the Doctor fall back in his chair. ‘Ill-fated wretch,’ exclaimed he, ‘shalt thou destroy another innocent man!’—Colonel Fairfax who had flown to support him, now forgot the caution he had so lately received from his friend, and cried out in an agony of grief, ‘stranger, thou hast killed Dr. Harvey—run, fly for assistance!’ Instead of doing as he was desired, he made but one step to the opposite side of the room, and catching hold of the Colonel’s arm demanded, in a voice scarce intelligible, if Dr. Harvey lived at Broom-Hall in Essex. An answer in the affirmative, acted like a cannon ball, and levelled him even with the earth.

In the midst of astonishment and terror Col. Fairfax still preserved his presence of mind ; he pulled the bell with vehemence and dispatched a messenger for a surgeon of eminence the lifeless bodies he saw conveyed to separate rooms and immediately put to bed ; the surgeon soon arrived, he bled them with success, and applying other remedies they both began to recover, though very slowly. The first use Dr. Harvey made of his returning senses, was to inform his friend that he was a father, that the poor miserable being who had excited their compassion was his son, that having received only a contusion from the bursting of the pistol, he had soon recovered, and never after hearing any tidings of his unhappy child, imagined he had fallen a sacrifice to his inordinate vices, that he had himself spread abroad the report of his death ; ‘but as God Almighty in his abundant goodness,’ continued the worthy old man, ‘has restored him to me ten thousand times more amiable for his merciful chastisements, my arms and heart shall be open to receive him ; as to the world, he being supposed to die abroad, their scruples may be easily removed, without impeaching his former character. I confess, my good friend, (tears plentifully

streaming down his face,) this prodigal son this glorious penitent I think a greater honour to his father than if he never offended. It is true, nothing can be less difficult than keeping the straight path of honour : but let a fond parent boast that few who has entered so far as he had done the way to perdition, could return the wiser, nay, the better for his trials.”

Charmed with the good man’s expressions in favour of his son, the Colonel felt the most lively satisfaction, but observing him too deeply affected by dwelling on the subject of his deviation from, and his return to virtue, he endeavouring to give the conversation something of a turn less interesting, by expressing his surprise that Mr. Harvey had not discovered his father on their first meeting. “I must account to you for that,” replied the Doctor : “since our separation I have had the smallpox, which disorder has totally changed my features, and together with the many seams still remaining, made it almost impossible for him to recollect me, I was afraid, notwithstanding this alteration and so long an absence, that he might have some faint idea of my person or my voice, and I altered the latter, the more effectually to deceive him.” As he spoke thus the door opened, he saw his son on his knees, not daring to approach, he heard him say, “my father, O my father !”

Here we must drop the curtain—such a mixture of grief—joy—tears—smiles—penitence—forgiveness—gratitude and tenderness, as this scene afforded, may make an excellent olio of the passions, but without abilities for dressing them to advantage, we should only spoil the ingredients.

THE OLD SEAMAN—

A Sketch from Nature.

I like a sailor. He is the oldest boy that wears a jacket ;—frank, generous, playful, and somewhat pugnacious. Not that he will fight for nothing ;—but he will battle for glory, for that is like a ship’s name.—Talk of our “Wives and Liberties,”—he will fight for “Doll of Wapping,” and get into a French prison. But for laurel—or wreaths of it—he would rather win rolls of pigtail ; and for palms—“*Palmarum qui meruit ferat*”—he has lost his hand and the palm with it. Immortality is not his aim : but he is a Dryad up to the knees ; and, so far, he will not die like “*all flesh*.” Gout, or cramp, or rheumatism, what are they to him ?—he is a Stoic as far as the timber goes. Wooded—but not watered,—for he hates grog, except for the liquor that is in it. He looks like a human peg-top : you might spin him with a coil of cable. One of his arms too is a fin : and he has lost an eye ; it is the starboard one, and looks as if it had the wind in it—but it was blown out with gun-powder. He was in the Spitfire off Cape Cod, when she took fire in the gun-room, and flew up like a rocket ! He went aloft almost to his cherub, and when he

came down again he was half dead and half blind: one window, as he said, was as dark as night:—but he makes light of it. All his bereavements—eye, arm, leg, are trifles to him: one indeed is a standing jest. Diogenes was nothing to him as a philosopher: he is proud even of his misfortunes. While others bewail their scratches, and plaister their razor-cuts, he throws open his blue jacket, and shows the deep-furrowed scars, and exclaims, "Talk not to me of *scars*!"

To see an old seaman is to see a man. An old soldier, in comparison, looks like an old woman—perhaps, because his uniform is red like her cloak. But a sailor has fought with more adversaries—the fire of the foe—the ice of the North Pole—the struggle of the winds—and the assault of the wild waters. The elements are his playmates, and his home is the wide sea. He has encountered shrieking hurricanes—billows, like mountains with the white sheep top—and rocks like the door posts of death! He has circumvented the quicksand, and been too cunning for the deep! Wind, wave, rock—showers of shot,—bayonet and cutlass—he has withstood them all, either by force or skill. What a fine flesh and blood trophy—(and some wood to)—is he of various victories! The roaring sea, the howling gale, the thundering cannon—his old adversaries—sing his triumph over them. What has he not braved and endured?

A good lie, to do him justice, is no labour to him; but on the other hand he is as freely credulous. It was he who saw the man hunted by devils into Vesuvius or Ætna. Tell him that sparrows may be caught with salt upon their tails, and he will believe you, for he knows that cod-fish are so taken. He has a great faith in the Kraken. If you will credit him he has hooked one larger than the sea's bottom with the best bower anchor. It is worth one ear to listen to him when, with these marvels, he talks over his voyages, his engagements, his adventures, and above all his residence amongst the savages; and how he made Christians of them—and some of them, as he says, *d—d* good ones too! Only on one subject is he more eloquent—*his ship*! There he luxuriates: There he talks poetry! It is a doubt whether he could describe his mistress better. She sits upon the spray like a bird. She is the fleetest of the fleet. Tacking or close hauled, or under bare poles, there is none that can compare with her. To see her in full dress—skyscrapers and royals, and studsails, is to fancy once of those lady-ships, who from Trojan galleys were changed into sea-nymphs. He was bred up to sea; for he was born on board of a ship; cradled on the ocean, and should have married a mermaid; but as the tale goes she jilted him. At twelve years old he was wrecked in the *Agamemnon*—at fourteen he was taken in the *Vegeur*: and at thirty he was blown up in the *Spitfire*. What a

fortune! But he never quarrelled with his profession, nor, as his good mother sometimes advised him, *threw up the sea*. At last in the engagement off Trafalgar, under the immortal Nelson, he lost his arm by a shot; but binding it up, he persisted in remaining upon deck, if it were only as he said to have satisfaction for it—the next broadside carried away both his legs. He was then grafted. Now he is ancient and quite grey; but he will not confess to age; "it is through going to the North Pole, (he says) for there the hares turn white in winter." It was at a farmhouse in Berkshire that I met him, and learned these snatches of his history. When he came the dogs barked as they will do at a beggar. He stumped in with a fine smiling assurance, and heaving his old glazed hat into the middle of the room, took possession of a low elbow chair by the fire. His old bronzed forehead was rugged and weather beaten like a rock, and the white hair sprinkled over it like the foam of his own ocean. A lean pucker eyelid seemed to squeeze the light out again from one little grey twinkling eye; but the other was blind and blank. His face was red, and cured by the salt sea air, and warranted "and warranted to keep in any climate," but his cheeks were thin, and his nose and chin sharp and prominent. Still he smiled and seemed to wear a happy heart that had never been among breakers; and he sang one of his old sea-songs with a firm, jolly voice. He only wanted more rum and tobacco to set the world at defiance.

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee
"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

The recent revolutions in South America have been fruitful of chivalrous deeds of daring, and of heroic examples of virtue and patriotism, in both sexes. In every age and in every country, not excepting our own, female spirit has frequently nerved the arm of the soldier, and especially aided in the cause of liberty and independence. But we know not, that the annals of any nation, whether ancient or modern, furnish an instance of more exalted sentiments, of a more generous devotion, or of a more resolute firmness of character, than the following account of a South American heroine, founded on fact, and translated from the Spanish, by one of the many patriots, who have been exiled from their country, and have sought an asylum upon our shores. It was handed to us last evening, and we are sure it will be interesting to our readers. The story forms a noble theme for a novel, a poem, or tragedy, and as such it may possibly be used by some future muse.

"Policarpa Salavarrieta was a native of Bogota. She was distinguished for her patriot-

ic sentiments which she did not conceal even from her enemies ; and it is not strange that she should become the object of the fury of those impious wretches. All the active vigilance of the tyrannical government she had ridiculed, informing circumstantially the patriots, dispersed amongst the troops of Morillo, of the state of the public opinion, of the forces and operations of the enemy.

" Her lover, who was enrolled by force in 1818, in the grand guards of the Spanish army, gave her notice of all that passed, and she transmitted it to General Santander who was stationed in the province of Cassanare in the confines of Venezuela and Cundinamarca.— Strong suspicions induced Viceroy, Samano, at sundry times to search the house of our heroine : for sometime all his efforts to find her guilty were in vain ; but the same young man whom she was to marry, having at length been directed to carry an interesting letter to the patriots, he was surprised by the enemy in the desert of Foquilla, and conveyed to Bogota, with the token of transgression taken on his person.

" When Policarpa knew this occurrence, she presented herself boldly to the Viceroy, and told him that her lover was innocent ; that she herself had received the papers from the patriots, and persuaded him to undertake the journey, but without letting him know the tenor of what he carried. The young conductor being questioned maintained the contrary ; that he was the delinquent, and that she had no knowledge whatever of his intention. Both were confronted and supported themselves in the purpose of saving one another. According to the custom in these events the young man was sentenced to suffer punishment, and being placed already on the gibbet, they offered to pardon her, and even that they would protect them both, in case that they would discover their accomplices ; but the Spaniards gained nothing more, than to renew the conflict between two noble hearts, that loved each other tenderly, who were resolved on every sacrifice, rather than betray the cause of their country.

" The tyrants seeing that their efforts to extort a secret of such importance, from souls of such a mould, were useless, ordered the execution of the intrepid messenger ; and they shot him in the presence of his lover ! They again conducted her to prison ; and she constantly refused to reveal the names of the persons, who were secretly working in favor of liberty. In consequence of which she was pronounced a traitress, and condemned to die !

" Her conduct to the very moment of her death, convinced her executioners of the degree of energy, of which a true patriot is capable ; the misfortunes of her country only afflicted her, but she was consoled by the services she had rendered it and the certainty that it would soon be free, whilst her

spirit was about to be united with that of her lover.

" When she was on her way to the fatal place where she was to be sacrificed, she exhorted in the most energetic manner, the people, who were disconsolate and sad, at the catastrophe ; " Weep not for me," said she " but weep for the slavery and sufferings of your oppressed countrymen, take example by my destiny ; rise up and resist the outrages which you endure with so much injustice."

" When she arrived at the gibbet, she asked for a glass of water, but observing that it was an European Spaniard who brought it to her, she refused to receive it, saying, I wish not to owe even a glass of water to an enemy of my country. The commander of the detachment which escorted her, pressed her then that she might name persons in her own estimation, who might do that service. " I thank you very much," said she, " for a kindness which I cannot accept, because the slight relief of this, my last necessity, might condemn, perhaps, in the eyes of the tyrants, the persons whom I would wish to show me that token of friendship ! I am ready to die !"

" A moment before they gave the signal for the execution, she turned to the cruel executioners and with a calm air exclaimed—

" Assassins, tremble at the termination of your wicked deed ! There will soon come those, who will revenge my death !"

Thy prediction has been fulfilled, most illustrious lady : From the abode of the angels, thou beholdest the glory of thy country ; thy pure blood has rendered its earth fruitful ; each drop has produced a hero, and all of them have imbibed thy sentiments !

MISCELLANEOUS.

" Variety we still pursue,
" In pleasure seek for something new."

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

A reduced officer, in the service of Frederic, having served as a brave man in the seven year's war, constantly attended the king's levee every day, to solicit a pension. The king had often said to him, " Have patience for at present I can do nothing for you." The officer would not be put off in that manner ; but wherever he found the king, he besieged him with his demands. Frederic, tired with these importunities, forbade his being admitted into his presence. In the meantime there appeared a violent satire against the king ; and Frederic, contrary to his usual forbearance, offered a reward of fifty louis d'ors to any person who would discover the author. The next day, the lieutenant colonel presented himself at the palace, and was refused entrance ; but he insisted upon being admitted, saying he had something of importance to communicate to the king. His name was therefore announced, and he was ordered into the king's pre-

sence. "Have I not already told you," exclaimed his majesty, as soon as he saw him. "that I can do nothing for you at present?" "I am not come to demand any thing," replied the officer; "but your majesty has promised fifty louis d'ors to him who will discover the author of the pamphlet just published against you. I am the author. Punish the culprit; but pay the reward to my wife, that she may procure bread for my hungry children." The king, with great apparent indignation, said, "You shall go to Spandau," (a fortress near Berlin, where all state culprits are imprisoned.) "Sire," replied the colonel, "I shall patiently submit to whatever punishment your majesty shall please to inflict on me, so that you pay the promised reward to my wife." The king told him, that within an hour his wife should have it, and ordered him to wait a moment. Frederic then sat down, and wrote a letter; which handing to the officer, he said, "You will give this letter to the commandant of Spandau, and tell him that I forbid him to open it before dinner." The king then ordered the lieutenant colonel to be conducted to Spandau.

The officer having arrived there, he delivered the letter, and acquainted the commandant with the king's orders. They dined and the poor officer was under the most dreadful apprehensions for what was to follow as grace to that meal. At length, however, the letter was opened, and the commandant read as follows: "The bearer of this letter is appointed commandant of the fortress of Spandau. His wife and children will be with him within a few hours, and bring with them fifty louis. The late commandant of Spandau will repair to Potsdam, where he will find a better place destined for him." Judge how great was the mutual surprise of both parties!

Frederic one day seeing the colonel of one of his regiments very melancholy and pensive, said to him, "You seem always uneasy; what is the matter with you? Come, tell me; among friends you know there should be no secrets." Then, without giving him time to reply, he added, "I know, colonel, that you owe two thousand crowns." The colonel bowed assent. The king immediately turned toward a table that stood near him, and taking a purse of gold, gave it to the colonel, saying, "Take that to pay your debts." He then presented him with another purse.

A poor officer's widow, who was very infirm, having implored the assistance of Frederic, he answered her: "I feel for your infirmities and poverty. Why did you not address yourself sooner to me? Indeed, there is no pension vacant at present; but you must be taken care of, as your husband was a brave man, whose loss I sincerely regret. I will every day retrench a dish at my table, which will make a saving of three hundred and sixty five crowns; and that sum, you may depend upon

it, shall be paid to you the first of next month, and continued until a pension shall be found for you; and I have given orders that the first which shall become vacant, shall be given to you."

A person applied to Frederic for a place, and was refused. A short time after, he thus addressed the monarch in a letter: "I am told, sire, that you refused me the place I asked; I cannot believe it, for you owe it to me, and you would wish to be just. Make haste, then, to perform your duty, and clear yourself from injurious suspicions." The king, surprised at this arrogance, sent for the man, and asked him what right he had to use such language, and upon what grounds he founded his pretensions? The man replied, "My claims, sire, are founded upon the right of not being left to perish, which is the first of all rights, and the most sacred of all claims." The king made him no reply, but granted him the place demanded.

A Chaplain to a Governor of Bengal, more remarkable for the goodness of his heart than the brilliancy of his wit, being one day at the table of his patron, asked for a toast, with much simplicity exclaimed, "Alas! and a lack-a-day! what can I give?" "Nothing better," replied the Governor. "Come, gentlemen, a bumper to the parson's toast—a *lass* and a *lack* a day." [A lack of rupees is one hundred pounds.]

SUMMARY.

The mahogany tree in St. Domingo, is tall, straight, and beautiful, with red flowers, and oval, lemon-sized fruit. When the tree grows on a barren soil, the grain of this wood is beautifully variegated; upon rich ground it is pale, open and of little value. The machinal tree also grows on this island and its wood furnishes slabs for furniture, interspersed with beautiful green and yellow veins like marble; but the dust of this wood is of so arid and poisonous a nature that the carpenters are forced to work with gauze masks to protect them from its injurious effects.

"Fauntleroy, or the Fatal Forgery," a new drama, by J. A. Stone, author of "Restoration," is advertised as being in preparation and soon to be brought forward on the Charleston boards. The incidents are said to be drawn from actual occurrences in the life of the late Henry Fauntleroy, Banker, of London.

ERRATA.

By some mistake the first line of the first column of the second page of our last paper, was put at the top of the second column, and the last line of the second column at the top the first.

MARRIED.

In Athens, on Sunday morning last, SAMUEL W. DEXTER, Esq. to Miss SUSAN DUNHAM.

In this city on Sunday Evening, by the Rev. Mr. King, Mr. CHARLES L. BLIVEN to Miss MAGDALENE SCHERMERHORN.

In Troy, on Thursday last, Mr. THOMAS BENNETT, to Miss NANCY WINSLOW.

In Bridgeport, (Conn.) on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Judah, Mr. TUTTLE D. WHEELER, Printer, of Hudson, to Miss MARTHA CREEN of the former place.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
TO A LADY.

On hearing her say, Riches would add to her happiness, give her independence and friends.

Can Happiness be bought with gold?
Hear wisdom's voice, it answers no,
The need was never bought and sold,
Nor found in vain and empty show.

Her home is a contented mind,
Full oft she flies the palace door,
And leaves its pomp and pride behind,
To cheer the hut of humble poor.

Then Happiness we will not seek,
In shining heaps of glitt'ring ore,
Lest Ignis-fatu's-like she keep—
Her airy form still far before.

But lay our treasure up on high,
With "Food and raiment, be content;"
Resign'd when e'er affliction's nigh;
And thankful when we've blessings sent.

A saint's example's to us lent;
"In whatsoe'er" condition plac'd
He "Learn'd therewith to be content;"
May we the heav'nly blessing taste.

Then let our souls in peace be stay'd,
Our heav'nly riches are secure;
The promise of our God is made;
Eternal love shall still endure.

Dependence is the lot of all;
E'en on the poor, the rich depend,
Health is a boon, they cannot call;
Misfortunes still on them attend.

A faithful Friend, (one worth the name)
The wealth of Ceresus could not buy;
But flatters "Follow wealth and fame,"
As sharks in wakes of vessels fly.

And if we put in them our trust,
With greedy haste, they'll strip us clean;
Trample us with their feet to dust,
Their minds so sordid are and mean.

But souls there are of finer mould,
Whose steady friendship naught can move;
Who in advers'ity ne'er grow cold;
But such, are only bought with love.

ELLEN.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
A WISH.

Written in a Lady's Common Place Book.

Yes, there is bliss upon this earth—
But I wish not such bliss for thee;
For well dear friend I know *thy* worth,
And its deceitful vanity.

Say, shall I call on earth to bless
Thee with disguised wo,
When Heav'n has real happiness
On mortals to bestow?

No!—there is bliss—unsullied bliss—
Eternal bliss in heaven;
And O! my prayers I raise, that this
May unto thee be given.

LUDOVICUS.

Cairo, 1825.

MR. EDITOR.

If you will give the following verses a place in your paper, they will no doubt be read with admiration.—They were published some time since in the Commercial Advertiser in New-York. They are from the pen of YORICK, whose poetical talents you are no doubt acquainted with.

Z.

AT SEA.

'Twas yesterday, and uncontroll'd,
The tempest 'round us dash'd;
Above us awful thunders roll'd,
And vivid lightnings flash'd.
As rush'd the waves so furiously,
A liquid fire they gave,
That seem'd like beacon flame to be,
To light us to our grave.

But sweetly in yon heav'n of blue
The moon is beaming now;
The evening star scarce meets the view,
Upon the ocean's brow.
There's not a breath of wind to mar
The surface of the sea,
Where shines the sky, and ev'ry star
Reflected beauteously.

In such a calm how soon regain
Our breast's their wonted tone;
How soon forget the day of pain
And danger that is gone.
And this will be—as it hath been
Frail Man's precarious lot;
The tempest of to-day, is in
To-morrow's calm forgot.

The Sun is up—his heart beats light,
New plans of bliss to form;
He dreams not of a coming night
Nor of a coming storm.
And when some hours of joy are past,
And many of dismay—
Death howls in the resistless blast,
And he is wreck'd for aye.

YORICK.

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—XIII. VIII.

PUZZLE II.—Flesh, meat (*Drank in broth.*)

PUZZLE III.—Two pigs at a gate.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

One day a dame I went to see,
Who thought herself of high degree.
When I went in, my first I did
I found 'twas wrong, I was not bid;
For in her face, to my surprise,
I saw my angry second rise:
I such behaviour ill could brook,
Therefore my leave I quickly took;
Resolving soon, without control
I well would lash her with my whole.

II.

Why is Wall-street, in the City of New-York like the North River?

III.

Why is a nail like a horse?

IV.

Why is the letter S like a military furnace?

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